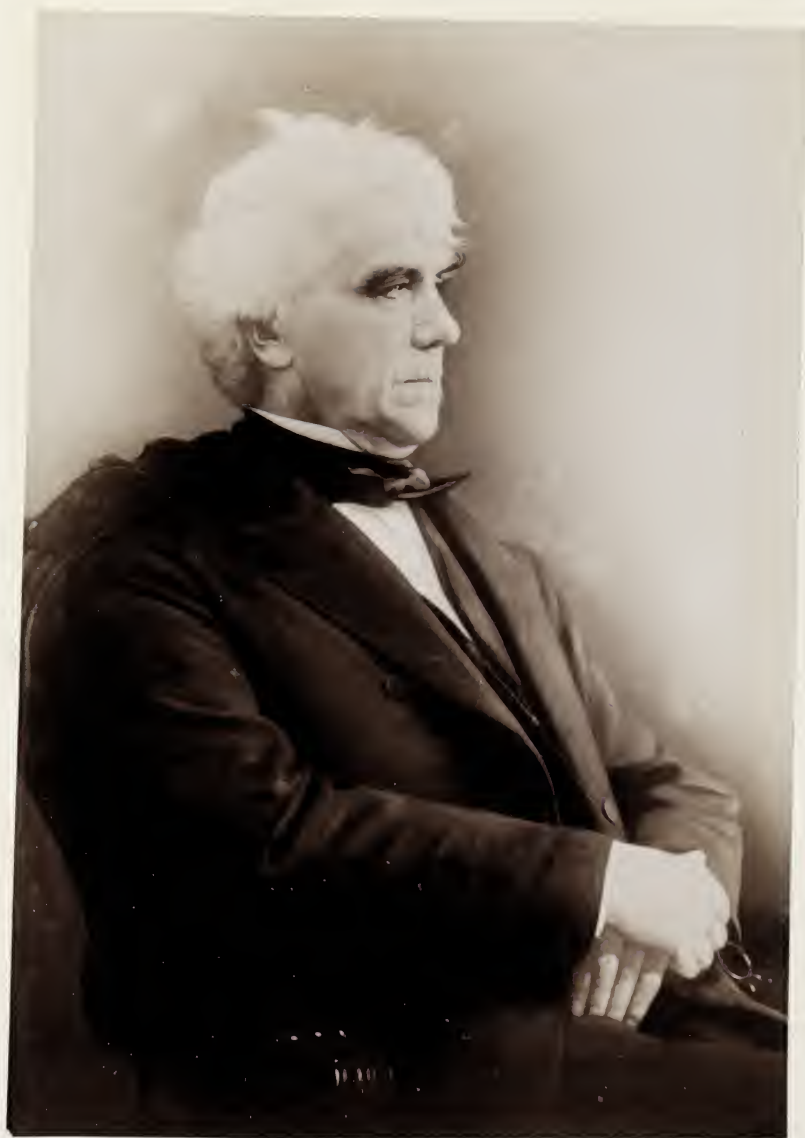


CALVIN DAY.



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DIED,
AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,
June 10th, 1884,
CALVIN DAY.

PSALMS, CHAPTER 37, VERSE 37.

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man
is peace.”



IN MEMORIAM.

CALVIN DAY was born in the township of Westfield, Massachusetts, February 26th, 1803, and was the fifth child of Ambrose Day and Mary Ely, his wife. His father was a substantial farmer, owning, and occupying through life, from early manhood, a pleasantly-situated farm lying about three miles east of what was then the village of Westfield. He was much respected by his neighbors and townsmen for his kindly disposition, integrity and good sense, and for many years was one of the selectmen of the town. He died in 1852, at the age of 85 years. His wife had deceased in 1838. He was descended in the sixth generation from Robert Day, one of the first settlers of Hartford, through Thomas, son of Robert, who removed to Springfield, in Massachusetts, and who was the ancestor of the family in that State.

Of the other children of Ambrose and Mary Day, the eldest was Ambrose, who settled on a farm adjoining his father's, being, at the same time, an ordained preacher. He died in 1879 at the age of 87 years.

Robert, the second son, went, when a young man, to New Orleans, and established a business there, in connection with his brothers. He died at the South, unmarried, at a comparatively early age.

Albert, the third son, early removed to Hartford, and lived there during the remainder of his life. He was for many years one of the most prominent merchants of the city, and was, in 1857-8, Lieutenant-Governor of the State. He died in 1876, at the age of 79 years.

Mary, the fourth child and only daughter, married Judge Alfred Topliff. The family removed to Wisconsin, where she died.

Horatio Ely, the youngest son, became a resident of Hartford, and was, for many years, a business partner of his brother Calvin. He died June 17th, 1886, aged 71 years.

CALVIN DAY received his school education in the district school, and later at the Westfield Academy, which still flourishes, and was then noted among the higher educational institutions of Western Massachusetts. The pleasant life at the Westfield Academy was a favorite reminiscence in after years.

Favorable circumstances early led to the establishment of Albert Day in Hartford, where he was soon joined by his brother Calvin, and later, by Horatio.

It was in April 1822, that Calvin Day removed to Hartford, just after the completion of his 19th year,

and there he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. Soon after his removal, he established himself in an independent business, and his success was at once assured. A few years later, in 1828, the brothers, Albert and Calvin, and Mr. Edward Bolles, formed a partnership under the name of A. & C. Day & Co., which firm and that of A. & C. Day existed until 1842. In that year Calvin Day became the head of the firm of Day, Owen & Co., and so continued until his retirement in December, 1862. The business of the firms named was that of commission merchants, distributing the production of various manufacturing establishments, particularly cotton goods, to merchants throughout the West, and to some extent, in the South. There was thus formed a very extensive acquaintance and connection in those parts of the country. A few energetic and capable firms in Hartford in those years, conducted a very large business of this kind, and made the small city, in spite of its possession of few or no special natural advantages for such a trade, a quite-widely known and important center of distribution. Among those firms it is safe to say that none stood higher for ability, energy and integrity than that of Day, Owen & Co., throughout its long existence.

MR. DAY's time and abilities, his remarkable vigor of mind and body, were not, however, devoted wholly to his own affairs. In everything that commended itself to his judgment, as tending to promote the moral or material welfare of the community in which he lived, or of his fellow men, he felt a deep and intelligent interest, and in such matters as came within his

sphere of action, he was among the foremost workers. He was felt as an active power for good in the leading local institutions formed for benevolent purposes ; and organizations of wider scope, for promoting in this country and abroad, educational and religious interests, likewise found in him a strong supporter and a liberal friend.

It was noticeable that whenever he took part in associations or gatherings of men of affairs, he was recognized by the best among them as a leader, by reason of his force of character, the soundness and penetration of his judgment, and his integrity, public spirit, fidelity to his associates and steadfastness of purpose.

In the political affairs of the city and State, Mr. Day was always influential. Never seeking office for himself, and never aiming to dictate or control nominations or appointments for the sake of exercising power, he was yet always ready and prompt to do his full part in whatever tended to promote the cause of good government, local or general. After having been for many years a pronounced Democrat, he became one of the earliest and most strenuous supporters of the Free Soil movement in that party ; and at the formation of the Republican party in 1854, he was one of the prime movers, a signer of the address to the people of Connecticut, and a founder of the *Hartford Evening Press*, as an organ of Free Soil opinion. In those days, his most intimate personal associates were John M. Niles, remembered for his services as a Representative in Congress and a Senator of the United States, Gideon Welles, long connected with the U. S.

Navy Department and Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln, Governor Joseph Trumbull, and Chief Justice Thomas S. Williams; and later, during the trying times of the Rebellion, to no man in the State was Governor Buckingham more closely bound by ties of mutual confidence, affection, and of perfect harmony and sympathy of views. Governor Buckingham frequently and emphatically expressed his obligation on this score.

CALVIN DAY married Catharine Seymour, daughter of the late Charles Seymour of Hartford. Their married life extended over a period of nearly fifty-seven years, and a union has seldom been blessed with more of domestic happiness, or with more entire sympathy of tastes, beliefs and affections. Mr. Day's strict sense of duty imparted no tinge of moroseness or gloom to his character, and the same traits which had made him respected and loved in all the other relations of life, could not fail to endear him, in an eminent degree, as a husband and father.

The tone of domestic life was heightened by hospitality and by travel at home and abroad. There were four children, all of whom survive their parents.

MR. DAY was with his wife when she died at Charleston, South Carolina, March 3rd, 1884. Their separation was brief, for his own long life of usefulness and honor was closed at his home on June 10th, 1884.

The mortal remains of husband and wife rest together on the beautiful heights of Cedar Hill, at Hartford.



Funeral of Major Day.

AN account of the public funeral services for Major Calvin Day appeared in the Hartford Courant of June 14th, 1884.

The services took place at the Center Church at 3 o'clock yesterday June 13th, and were attended by a great number of personal friends, including a large part of the prominent business men of the city. Among those from out of town were Nathan Day, and family of New York, Horatio E. Day and family of New York, Moses Pierce of Norwich, and the Rev. Dr. Buckingham of Springfield. The American Asylum, of which Mr. Day was president, the Hartford Fire Insurance company, the Hartford bank and the Gas company were present by their boards of directors. There was a delegation from the active company of the Governor's Foot Guards and another from the veteran organization, and the body of the church was nearly filled by those who came as individuals to do honor to the memory of a man whom all knew and esteemed. The pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum occupied portions of the two galleries. The family and relatives were seated at the left of the center aisle and the pall-bearers at the right.

These latter were : Gordon W. Burnham of New York, Major Roland Mather, the Hon. W. R. Cone, George Sexton, the Hon. F. B. Cooley and Judge

Nathaniel Shipman. The pulpit was very beautifully decorated with flowers, and in front of it was placed the casket, which was covered with flowers and bore the inscription: "Calvin Day, *born in 1803, died in 1884.*" The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. George Leon Walker of Hartford and the Rev. Dr. George H. Gould of Worcester. The music was in charge of Mr. N. H. Allen, the organist of the church, and the choir was composed of Mr. C. S. Langdon, Miss Flora L. Hyde, Mr. Clarence Bryant and Mr. Louis Gundlach. Chopin's prelude in C minor was played as an introduction and was followed by a chant, the reading of the Scriptures, and the hymn, "There is a blessed home."

Dr. Walker then delivered the following address :

FELLOW MOURNERS AND FRIENDS: We are gathered here to-day by an event of unusual significance to this church and to this general community. The members and the quality of this assembly, indicate clearly that something has befallen which touches society at many points, and with more than customary impressiveness. Death is not an unfrequent event among us ; has indeed been very frequent of late among the customary worshippers in this sanctuary ; but the death of Calvin Day has something in it which appeals, not to the family affection only, not to the affection of a wide-extended social connection alone, not to the interest and welfare of an old ecclesiastical organization which mourns his departure merely, but to the community in which we dwell, and to those common moral feelings which belong to the best portion of all the inhabitants of this place.

The language of eulogy on a funeral occasion is almost always easy. It is a sweet and natural instinct in our human natures, whatever we may say of the living, to love to say and hear good things of those who have gone. But I am admonished by the

very life and the character of the man of whom I speak, to speak simply and without exaggeration. He was above all things else *himself*, a man of directness and sincerity. He had, if more strongly than for anything else, a dislike of display and pretense. Sober and unenthusiastic in his estimates of other men, and clear and truthful in his utterances when called to speak concerning them, it becomes us to be likewise (as he himself would demand) standing to-day by his bier.

Calvin Day was born eighty-one years ago in our sister state of Massachusetts, in the town of Westfield. He came of a sturdy, long-lived and godly ancestry. The influences of his boyhood home were those of the typical New England household of eighty or a hundred years ago, the households of the old Puritanic simplicity, honesty and strength, out of which have come so large a portion of whatever is noblest in our land. In his youth the boy was accustomed to walk some miles to and fro to the academy of his native town, where he got his direct tutorial instruction. But he had all along, the instruction, better I think than any college or university can give, of sound, healthy home-life, of nature, and of the farm. The city-bred lad may have his advantages, but he has not the supreme advantage of that direct contact with nature's transcendent and variant schooling which the country-boy has; and there is no place for making a lad many-sided, self-reliant, forecasting and provident, like a home on a farm.

Just when the lad passed out from the direct watch and care of the household in which he had been bred and disciplined, and wove the nature and success of his first ventures in life's occupations, I can not say. Nor do I here feel it important to follow in any minute detail the outward events of Mr. Day's personal history. These have been narrated elsewhere. The daily papers have told us of his removal to Hartford, and his commencement in business here not far from the spot where we are now gathered; of the characteristic far-sighted sagacity which enabled him here to originate a new method of conducting the affairs of the partnership he and his brother, Albert, established, and of building up at this inland and almost provincial spot, a business rivaling and surpassing similar houses in the metropolitan cities of the seaboard.

They have told us how, as time went on, Mr. Day became

identified with one after another of Hartford's corporate financial institutions—insurance, banking, manufacturing—and how, in whatever one of them he took part his counsels were always heeded as those of one of the soundest of advisers and clearest leaders of men. They have mentioned his long association with the benevolent institutions of the city, and his protracted and self-sacrificing services on the boards of the asylum for the deaf and dumb and the retreat for the mentally troubled. They have narrated for us some outlines of the part he took, with characteristic independence of party trammels and of old associations, in originating here in Connecticut the political organization which was to voice audibly, and at last successfully, the pent-up indignation of the moral sense of the land against the great wrong of human slavery. They have set forth—though it may be questioned if they have adequately set forth—the way in which (after the battle of freedom was transferred from the field of debate to the field of arms) Mr. Day became one of the most efficient promoters of Connecticut's honorable part in the civil war; contributing generously with his money and lavishly of his labor in all those weary days of anxiety and of blood. The story of that period here in Connecticut would be incomplete, and the biography of that governor of the state whose statue is next week to be unveiled amid general popular acclaim would be incomplete, were not the great services of Mr. Day in those days of divided counsels, of heroic sacrifices, of victorious achievements, accorded an important place. They have sketched for us an honest, strong, successful, useful life, which in view of the facts thus narrated, has made this place a better one for his having lived in it; and laid the whole community under obligation to him who carried the “good grey head which all men knew” and all men honored.

But good and honorable, and potent for our whole community's welfare as is the story of the life which has thus been told us, we, gathered in this Christian sanctuary to-day, and professing ourselves for the most part, I suppose, an acceptance of the Christian faith of which this house of worship is a visible symbol, can hardly stop with these matters. We are not permanent dwellers here. This life, with all its vast and complicated interests, is not the whole of being, nor does action respecting it comprise the whole

of duty. And the little glimpse of what is beyond which is alone of authoritative and sanctifying quality comes to us through the lens of revealed truth. And that truth gathers up in the person and sayings, the life and deeds of Jesus Christ. Had I forgot these things to-day and failed to remind you of them as the supreme things of importance to us, that empty pew and these silent walls would speak out in utterance of them. For Calvin Day was not simply an honest man, and a useful citizen, he was a sincere Christian.

His interest in this spot, where we shall miss his face so sorely hereafter, was not that chiefly of a loyal parishioner in an ecclesiastical society. To this organization simply as such, he was indeed an ever faithful friend; and many a feature of this altered structure itself, so different from what it was when some eyes here first looked on it—the arched ceiling over our heads, these lowered galleries on either side, this pulpit—are all in a very direct way a kind of monument to his interest in this place, and to the long exercised superintendence, almost control, he had of things relating to this society's affairs.

But his interest in the society and the house was but the husk. The kernel was the gospel; and the church gathered by the gospel's characteristic power. When Mr. Day may personally have experienced his first impressions of the gospel's saving power I cannot say; but he united with this church by the confession of his faith in Christ as his Saviour in June, 1838. It was a year of revival in this place, and there were eighty persons added to this membership. That was the twentieth year of Dr. Hawes's pastorate, and the minister was in the zenith of his power. The revival took hold of strong men and mature women who have been felt in the church ever afterward. Side by side with Mr. Day in that public act stood Catharine Seymour, his wife, one with him in the consecration of that June Sabbath hour, as in all the sympathies and services of the nearly forty-six years of Christian fellowship which came after.

A public profession of submission to Christ and of allegiance to his cause does not always verify its genuineness in the after life. In Mr. Day's case it did. And not only its genuineness, but its power. And just here, I venture to say in the presence of all

who may have known him little or much in this assembly, we touch on the central fact of the life of the man we honor and bury to-day. His was a life governed by Christian principle. Mr. Day was a man of strong natural passions and impulses. He had a dominating and almost imperious will. He was fully open to the average amount of human nature's besetments and temptations. Why is it that his name has stood for more than a generation past in this community a synonym for whatever is honest, pure, benevolent and Christian? There can be but one answer. Throughout this long period all have recognized the thorough sincerity of his religious character. His piety was not an exuberant and demonstrative type, but it was deep and devout. The language and the manner of its manifestations were marked by a profound sense of reverence and awe. God was very great. Prayer was a solemn act. Worship was not a light and recreative thing; it was a serious and earnest business.

His mind took strong hold of the great facts and principles of the gospel; his heart consented to them; he was never severed from them. This was what led him to be the man of philanthropic feeling he was, responsive to the needs of the orphaned, the mentally-beclouded, the deaf and the dumb.

This was what reached beyond the mere instincts of kindness, or even the principle of benevolence, and made him take hold of the distinctive Christian enterprises of the gospel at home and in distant lands with such sympathetic, intelligent and generous co-operation. This is what gave him a recognized and honored place on such corporations as the American Board of Foreign Missions, an institution which has no significance unless the souls of men are in danger without the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. This is what made our departed brother one of a wider and higher brotherhood than any directorship or leadership of financial, or humanitarian, or civil organizations can give—a fellowship of large labors in Christ's service, whose loss will be not merely locally deplored, but deplored by all our great missionary societies, and by many a toiling laborer in frontier and heathen lands. This, in the narrower sphere of this church, made him to its pastor—whoever that pastor might be—the right-hand man for counsel and support. Loyal to the church and its minister through whatso-

ever changes, we who remain behind him lift up our lament. "How is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!" He loved this old church. There was to him a dearness in its stones, and he favored the dust thereof. Its temporal and spiritual welfare were ever dear to him. His purse was ever wide open at the indications of its need. We shall miss him sorely.

How hard it was to think of Mr. Day as upwards of 80 years old! It was not his erect and elastic form which deceived one, so much as his alert and interested concern in all things which concerned living men. There was nothing of the retired old man, a mere spectator of affairs, about him. He was active and co-operative to the end.

Of Mr. Day's family relationships this is no place much to speak. Suffice it to say that life brought to him perhaps an unusual measure of its blessings, yet accompanied by some vicissitudes and trials, and in its latest months what he felt to be a transcending sorrow. Beneath a reserved and even rather cold exterior, he carried one of the warmest hearts which ever beat. Little things unexpectedly touched him. Little attentions moved him as you would not have thought. And standing beside his grave to-day, I should do injustice alike to him and myself, and to the pastor who has lately gone before me, not to say that these little remembrances and tokens of personal thoughtfulness, which show the warm heart, and win any hearts, were oftener manifested toward the pastor of the church by this resolute, and of late aged man, than by any beside.

But all this hidden sweetness beneath the shell of general reserve was best known to his family circle. He was a knightly husband. There was something chivalric and wonderfully beautiful in the thoughtful little attentions of this outwardly austere man to the wife of his youth and of his age, who passed on so short a time before him, left by her absence as much a lover forsaken as had she died an hour after their betrothal. He loved his home. It was the best of places to him. When she went from it, it was easy to follow. And now he is gone onward as in a moment. Without severe suffering; in the full possession of every faculty; from the midst of a loving household; honored by the community where he has spent his days; known across the breadth

of the land as a man of Christian faithfulness and liberality ; beloved by this church and in the quiet confidence of Christian hope, what more could one ask for him ? Such a life is its own best eulogy. Let us leave it where it is.

“ Nothing is here for tears ; nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

Or rather, since the life which has now come to its earthly end was a Christian life, and the death is the death of one who died in the Lord, shall we not rather take up a nobler strain even than that of Milton, and say :

“ Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.”

ADDRESS

BY

REV. GEORGE H. GOULD, D. D.,

OF WORCESTER,

A former Pastor of the Church.

AT the risk of prolonging this service I cannot forbear to lay my tribute of a few words on the bier of my friend. For twenty-seven years Calvin Day has been my personal friend, faithful, steadfast, loyal and true. During my ministry here he was my honored and beloved fellow-worker unto the kingdom of God with whom perhaps I was brought into closer relations than with any other member of this church. To take his name from the official history of this church—in all that pertains to its fiscal and administrative affairs—for the last twenty-five years, would be to erase no small part of its records, for that period of time. Although he never belonged to its diaconate, or sought its most sacred honors, no one, I am sure carried on his heart, during all those years, more sincerely its spiritual as well as its temporal interests. By the whole training and habit of his life Mr. Day was a *business man*. But he carried his religion into his business—and his business gifts into his religion.

He was a man of rare wisdom. He combined a sound penetrating judgment, with remarkable executive force. He had almost an intuitive knowledge of men. He read character at a glance, and he read it deeply and well-nigh unerringly. He was never misled by self-pretention, or the mere glitter of superficial

qualities. Above all gifts of grace, he prized and demanded in his minister, and his friends, *genuineness*. To him genuineness was the root-virtue of both public and private life. No brilliancy of intellect or eloquence of lips could atone for its absence. He abhorred heresy in character, even more than in theology. By instinct he was a conservative, by principle he was a progressionist.

All his feelings, affections, sentiments, anchored him to the past. He loved the old paths. His heart clung to the old ways, the old places, the old customs, the old friends. Every change that occurred in church, or family, or community, it used to seem to me, first of all gave a painful wrench to his feelings. And yet he had too powerful a will and too clear an intellect, and too fervent a faith, to allow himself to be handicapped by unreasoning sentiment, or even the most sacred affections. He believed in progress—in the on-march of ideas—the final enfranchisement of humanity and the latter day glories of God's church below.

With all his conservatism then, he was never a croaker, or a pessimist. He never was heard to say, "the former days were better than these." He put himself abreast with his times. He lived in the present. He had sympathy with the young. Hence down to the last years of his life—until physical infirmity necessitated his partial retirement—he held unweakened his position of influence in the church, and in the confidence of his brethren, as a wise, sagacious, upright and single-hearted servant of God, and his generation. Mr. Day was one of those men, whom it would be difficult to think of as superannuated, as shelved in business and affairs, or left behind in the march of life. In a very important sense he was a *young man* down to the very last.

Calvin Day once a friend, was a friend for ever. He was not hasty to give his confidence. He was considerate and cautious in his personal attachments—but once attached, he grappled his friends to his heart, as with hooks of steel. As a friend he was never found with that fickle multitude, who to day cry "hosanna," and to-morrow "crucify him." His confidence once given only the most complete and hopeless bankruptcy of character could destroy—and even then his tender, wounded love lingered around the offender—

as the wood of the sandal tree perfumes the very axe that rives and hews it to the ground.

Mr. Day was a Christian gentleman. He punctiliously obeyed the Apostolic command, "Be courteous." His sense of personal honor, indeed, was of the chivalric type. Nevertheless, he was a man of decided opinions. He had a mind of his own. He had a will of his own, and his mind so intuitively reached its conclusions and his will was so habituated promptly to execute the conclusions of his mind and his judgment, that possibly at times he did not with sufficient patience give proper weight to the slower mental processes of his less practical and less energetic brethren. But whatever divergency of view, or friction of opinion might arise, he never laid aside the bearing or the spirit of a Christian gentleman—and he never failed to convince all who differed with him, that his heart was pure, his purpose true, and his supreme desire ever to do the best thing, and secure the highest good of all.

He was emphatically a man of *religious principle*. He was not without religious emotion, but he seldom gave it free rein. His mind abhorred mysticism, and all religious affectation, as nature abhors a vacuum. He was himself thoroughly practical, an intense *realist* in all his views of life and views of men. He was subject to no religious spasms; what he was one day, he was the next, what he was one week he was the next week and the next month. His religion was consistent, it tallied with itself season by season, and year by year. He had a sound faith, and a deep personal experience, but he did not say much about either. He was a man of deeds rather than words. Like James, he preferred to "show his faith by his works." He stood at his post. He was a man to be relied on in an emergency. He was not simply a fair-weather hearer, or a fair-weather friend. His life moved out from the center of conscience rather than feeling. He was trained under a ministry that believed in the Old Testament as well as the New, and that the ten commandments are not yet abrogated in theology or in life. Perhaps the thunders of Sinai, to the last, lingered in his ears a little more audibly than the mercy Calls of Calvary. But those old-time pulpits did stanch and solid work in their day. They somehow had the art of laying character-foundations that could last. The built men, as ocean-ships are built, ribbed and stanchioned through

and through with the live oak of moral principle, and thus able to bear the strain of the stormiest life-experiences—an art of man-building, and character-building, that possibly the modern pulpit is not improving upon.

Mr. Day was a benevolent man by temperament, but far more by principle. He gave away on principle, and he gave liberally, systematically, continuously. He recognized as a central article of his creed, personal stewardship to the Divine Master he served, and in whom he rested all hopes for this world and the next.

I have no time or purpose now, to speak of Mr. Day as a citizen. For more than a generation his life had been honorably intertwined with the whole public life and growth of this city. His removal now from so many of your great financial institutions, and as officer or director in the administration of so many of your public charities, will be almost like the removal of some central pillar from a stately temple.

I hesitate to enter the sanctuary of that stricken home. But I first knew Mr. Day in his home. I knew him as husband, father, friend, for some years before it fell to me to know him in the more public relation of pastor to parishioner. And I then learned, what subsequent years confirmed, that the strong man of indomitable business energy and capacity, and with the shoulders of a giant to carry public responsibilities at his own home, was a little child with a child's heart and a child's simplicity. No wonder those wedded hearts were sundered for so short a time. Life was so knit to life. Only those within the sacred circle knew the lover-like devotion that for so many years brooded over the dear invalid companion—a devotion that seemed to perpetuate the gentle gallantries, and the sweet fidelities of the bridal day through more than fifty years of married life. Father and Mother are now gone. God comfort the mourning home.

Mr. Day is among the last of that noble body-guard of official helpers who first welcomed me to the pastorate of this Church and stood faithfully by me, in my ministry here. Ellsworth, Stone, Ward, Hudson, Barbour, Church, Goodwin, and now Day—all members of the Prudential Board at my coming and at my leaving, have now passed on, as well as a great company of honored and now sainted ones then occupying so prominently—in my memory to-day—these sacred seats before me.

God be thanked for the Life beyond! For that upper Home where no seats are ever vacant ; where loved ones never part ; where hearts are never broken, and where all tears are wiped away !

May we be followers of them who through faith and patience have entered in through the Gates ! God give to us the victory at last, as to so many now crowned before him !

DR. GOULD closed with prayer, and after the singing of "Abide with me" by the choir, Dr. Walker announced that the casket would be opened, and a large part of the audience passed round to view the remains. The organ music during this time was a prelude in E minor by Chopin, and the adagio from Beethoven's sonata opus 10, No. 3.

The burial was private. A funeral service, attended only by the family and a few intimate friends, was also held at the house, preceding the public services in the church.





Extracts from the Press.

The following are some of the Notices which appeared in the Public Journals, on the death of MR. DAY :

From the Hartford Daily Courant, June 11, 1884.

THE death of the Hon. Calvin Day of this city removes one of the oldest citizens of Hartford, and one who was widely known and universally beloved and esteemed. He has long been identified with the growth and prosperity of the city, and has been recognized as one who was always ready to assist in any patriotic or benevolent work. The service he rendered the Union cause during the war was of great value and will not soon be forgotten. He was one of the men that give strength and character to a city and his death, even in ripe old age, is a public calamity, for he had not outlived his usefulness, even after more than four-score years.

Major Calvin Day died at half past eleven last evening of a sudden congestion of the lungs. During the afternoon he had been out of doors superintending some workmen. He ate supper as usual, but soon after was attacked by a chill, and later in the evening Dr. Fuller and Dr. Storrs were called. They arrived about 11 o'clock, but nothing effectual could be done and he lived less than half an hour. He was 81 years old.

Mr. Day was a native of Westfield, Mass., where he received an Academy education. He removed to Hartford when a young man and entered into business. Mr. Day appreciated the importance of Hartford of that time as a dry goods trade center. Western merchants then came east to buy, and this city was a central point near to the factories, and an advantageous place for handling goods. Drummers were nearly unknown, but Mr. Day, early in his wholesale trade, adopted the plan of sending experienced men to the western country to invite dealers to come here. He formed with his brother Albert the wholesale firm of A. & C. Day, and opened a warehouse on the present site of the Cheney block. Eventually, Mr. Day formed a partnership with the late E. H. Owen, under the firm name of Day, Owen & Co., and removed to Asylum street. Mr. Day subsequently bought the site opposite the Allyn house, erected the present building and removed into it. He continued with the firm until about 1862, when, having accumulated a handsome fortune, he retired. He was a director in the Hartford bank for forty years, and was a director in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. His connections with other corporations were numerous. He was a director in the Landers, Frary & Clark company and the American Hosiery company of New Britain, and the Agawam Canal company, Springfield, president of the American mill in Rockville, a director in the Watkinson library, president of the board of trustees of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and a director in the Insane Retreat. For several years he was a director, and later, one of the trustees of the old Hartford, Providence and Fishkill road, retiring when the road passed into the hands of the New York and New England railroad company. His faith in the road was full, and it is due to his efforts that the word Fishkill was put into the charter name. He was confident the road would reach the Hudson.

While seldom taking an active part in politics, and having no desire for office, Mr. Day was always a valued and efficient worker for his political party. He was an old-fashioned Jackson democrat in early life, and was one of the first twelve men in Hartford who voted for Andrew Jackson, when to vote for "Old Hickory" in Connecticut was far from being a popular act. He was a con-

sistent democrat down to the time of the election of Franklin Pierce. The attempt to repeal the Missouri compromise disgusted him with the party, and he with D. F. Robinson, Mark Howard, J. R. Hawley, J. F. Morris, Gideon Welles, J. M. Niles, and others formed the nucleus of the republican party of Hartford, numerous other democrats following the lead of such influential men as Messrs. Day, Welles and Niles. These republican pioneers met one night in the upper room of Colonel George P. Bissell's banking office and prepared the first republican address to the voters of the state. This was just prior to the nomination of Freemont. After that time Mr. Day was a sturdy republican and took part in putting on its feet the *Evening Press*. During the war he was an active worker, and contributed liberally from his means in fitting out troops. He was a valued adviser of Connecticut's great war governor—Wm. A. Buckingham—and served for many months as chairman of the city committee for raising troops. When engaged in this patriotic work he gave largely of his time, regardless of his pressing business interests. At this time or afterward, he never wanted nor would he accept office, but if any committee or other work was to be done, his services could always be relied on. But once did he accept a nomination, and that was for the state senatorship in the Hartford district, at a time when the district was so strongly democratic that his defeat as a republican candidate, was a certainty.

Mr. Day acquired his title of "Major" from having for two years commanded the Governor's Foot Guard. He enlisted as a private in 1823, became corporal in 1826, sergeant in 1828, lieutenant in 1830, captain in 1832, and was major from 1833 to 1835. Among his old comrades in the organization when he commanded, but few are now living. Among them were Messrs. Roland Mather, Charles Seymour, William F. Tuttle, Charles B. Smith, Joseph Langdon, William B. Ely, G. A. Stedman, Charles D. Gilbert, Walter Keney, D. S. Brooks, Thomas Smith, and Edward Goodwin.

He married, over half a century ago, Miss Catharine Seymour, sister of Mr. Charles Seymour who died some months ago. Not a death had ever occurred up to that time in the family, excepting that of a grand-child. The four children are: Julia S.,

wife of Colonel George P. Bissell; Mr. John C. Day, Miss Caroline E. Day, and Kate, wife of Joseph C. Jackson, lawyer, of New York city. Through all his long life Mr. Day was blessed with vigorous health. A day of sickness was almost unknown.

For over 46 years Mr. Day was a member of the Center church, and for many years served as chairman of the society's committee. He was one of the men, who, by long lives of honorable conduct in public and private affairs, have, by their own excellent reputations, contributed so much to the good reputation of Hartford. His loss, even at his advanced age, will be widely felt, and he will be sincerely missed.

Major Day was a gentleman of striking personal appearance. He was of medium height, but even in his old age, had, until within the last two years, every indication of strength and vigor—a straight frame and an elastic and active step. He had always a smooth-shaved face, never wearing whiskers, and his full head of hair was a beautiful silvery gray. He always carried a cane, but it was generally tucked under his arm and seldom touched the ground. It never seemed to occur to him that a man of eighty needed it to lean upon. To see him, even once, upon the street, was to receive an indelible impression of the dignity and power that were in him.

From the Hartford Daily Post. June 11, 1884.

THE death of Major Calvin Day occurred at his residence on Spring street on Tuesday night at 11:30 o'clock after a brief illness of congestion of the lungs. He was down town Monday and during Tuesday afternoon he had been out attending to some work which was being done at his home. During the evening he suffered a serious chill and Drs. Storrs and Fuller were summoned to his relief. But nothing could be done in his behalf and death ensued at 11:30. Major Day was a native of Westfield, Mass. and was 81 years of age. His entire business life had been spent in Hartford, being engaged for the most part in the dry goods trade. In connection with his brother, the late Lieutenant-Governor Albert Day, he established the wholesale firm of A. & C.

Day and opened a warehouse on the present site of the Cheney block. Subsequently he organized the firm of Day, Owen & Co., and removed to Asylum street, locating in the building now occupied by THE EVENING POST. Later the property opposite the present Allyn house was purchased and the extensive building erected. Major Day continued with the firm until 1862, when he retired from active business, and the firm of Owen, Root & Childs was formed, being now Root & Childs.

In early life he was a democrat, and acted with that party until the election of Franklin Pierce as president. The repeal of the Missouri compromise alienated him from his old political associates and in union with prominent citizens of Hartford, including D. F. Robinson, Mark Howard, J. F. Morris, Gideon Welles, Joseph R. Hawley, and J. M. Niles, organized the republican movement here. During the war Major Day was an influential adviser of Governor Buckingham, and was for several months chairman of the city committee for raising troops. He gave liberally of his time and means for the Union cause, and proved himself a patriot of whom his state will ever be proud. For 46 years Major Day was a member of the Center church, serving much of the time as chairman of the society's committee. His wife died during the spring. She was a lady of the most charming attainments and character, and loved by all who knew her. Four children survive him. One of them is the wife of Colonel George P. Bissell. The others are Mr. John C. Day, Mrs. Joseph C. Jackson, of New York, and Miss Caroline E. Day. Major Day was a man of the highest personal character, and his memory will be cherished by Hartford as an invaluable possession.

From the Hartford Daily Times, June 11, 1884.

CALVIN DAY, Esq., an old and much esteemed citizen died, almost without warning, at 11:30 last night. He was 81 years old; but notwithstanding his age and the protracted effects of an accident which occurred about four years ago, and which came near killing him, such was the native vigor of his constitution that he rallied and was still seen actively about the streets up to the day

of his sudden death. He was out yesterday afternoon, about the grounds of his fine mansion on Spring street, giving directions to some workmen, when, owing to a marked change in the weather, he probably took a cold, for after supper he was taken with a chill. His condition became worse, and though medical aid soon arrived, it was unavailing. He passed away quietly and peacefully.

Mr. Day was a man of remarkably good judgment. He was foremost of the very few remaining men who in other years were for a long time instrumental in shaping or aiding many of the measures that so helped to give to Hartford its prosperity. The want of the active aid of such men, in helping forward the measures on which such prosperity depends, has been sadly felt in this city during the last dozen years. Mr. Day came here early in life from Westfield, Mass., his native place, and entered into business as a dry-goods merchant, taking a store just north of the old Center church. Later the wholesale firm of A. & C. Day was established. Western merchants (what were "western" then) in those days came not only to New York but here to make their purchases, and Mr. Day's sagacity led him in those early days to send out capable men to towns and cities in what was then the west, with inducements to come to Hartford, for his firm could undersell the New York houses. Day, Owen & Co., the later style of the firm, and with which Hartford people who remember back no farther than about 1848 or '50 are more familiar, was a long and well-known Asylum street house doing a large business. Mr. Day subsequently bought the site, and erected and occupied the fine brown-stone building on Asylum street opposite the Allyn house, now occupied by Root & Childs, the latest successors of the old firm. More than twenty years ago Mr. Day retired from active business; he did not, however, by any means cease to take an interest in business and other affairs. No man's sound judgment was more largely trusted.

Mr. Day in politics was in former years an old Jackson democrat. At the repeal of the Missouri compromise, in 1854, he abandoned the democrats and was one of the early participators in the then newly forming republican party. Mr. Niles and Mr. Welles were among those who acted with him from the democratic

side. He was a firm upholder of all war measures, and a trusted counselor of Governor Buckingham. He was at various times "mentioned" as a good man for the republican candidate for Governor; but, owing partly to the failure of the republican conventions to see his actual superiority in mental stamina and character, over others who successively in town got the nomination, and partly also to his own disinclination to run for any office, he never was nominated. But his strong and positive character, united with his general sagacity and good judgment, easily put him much above the average material out of which Governors are made.

His military title of "Major," came from his command from 1833 to 1835, of the old Governor's Foot Guard. Major Day had in him a good deal of the true military quality, of the better sort. It showed itself in his erect carriage and high bearing, even down to the day of his death. He enlisted as a private in the Foot Guard in 1823, and rose by successive degrees of promotion up to the chief command of that fine and showy old corps—which is older than the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was major-commandant when, in June, 1833, occurred the great display in honor of President Jackson's visit to Hartford—as proud a day as the Major ever saw.

His wife was Catharine Seymour, whose death, a few months ago, was the first, in all that time in that family, with the sole exception of a grand-child. He leaves four children—one son and three daughters—all but one married.

His membership in the old Center church dated back forty-six years or more. He was a highly respected and influential man in his religious as in his personal, business, and political life.

His striking personal presence will be missed in the street, and in the business circles which he still, even in advanced life, was accustomed to visit. He looked as erect, and almost as active and vigorous, in his old age as he did thirty years ago.

From the N. Y. Tribune, June 12, 1884.

HARTFORD June 11.—Major Calvin Day, an old and well-known resident of this city, died suddenly on Tuesday night of congestion of the lungs. He was 81 years old.

MR. DAY was born in Westfield, Mass., but began his business career in Hartford in 1823. He formed the wholesale firm of A. & C. Day, and sent experienced men west to invite trade, a plan then hardly known. Later he organized the firm of Day, Owen & Co., and remained a member until 1862, when he retired with a handsome fortune. Mr. Day was connected with many other business enterprises and several public institutions. For forty years he was a director in the Hartford Bank, and in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. He was also a director in the American Hosiery Company, of New Britain, and the Agawam Canal Company, of Springfield, Mass. He was president of the American Mill, Rockville, trustee of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, director in the Insane Retreat, and president of the Board of Trustees of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. In politics Mr. Day was originally an old-fashioned Jackson Democrat, but, disgusted with Franklin Pierce and the Missouri compromise, he, with Gideon Welles, J. R. Hawley, D. F. Robinson, Mark Howard and J. F. Morris, formed the nucleus of the Republican party in Hartford, and helped to found *The Evening Press*. He contributed liberally toward the raising of troops during the war, and his advice was constantly sought by Governor Buckingham. His title as Major was obtained in the Governor's Foot Guard.

Mr. Day married Miss Catharine Seymour. His children are Julia, wife of Colonel George P. Bissell, John C., Caroline, and Kate, wife of Joseph C. Jackson, of this city.

From the Hartford County History, Osgood: Boston, 1886.

CALVIN Day, who died in Hartford, June 10th, 1884, was for 62 years a resident of the city, and during the latter half of his life was one of its leading citizens. He was born in Westfield, Mass., February 26, 1803, and was the son of Ambrose Day, a substantial farmer of that place. Coming to Hartford in 1822, he soon undertook the wholesale dry goods business, and became largely instrumental in making Hartford, as it was for many years, a great

distributing point in this industry. From 1828 to 1842 he was a member of the firms of A. & C. Day and A. & C. Day & Co., his elder brother Albert, who was Lieut.-Governor of the State in 1856-7, being the senior partner. Subsequently, and until his retirement from active business in 1862, Mr. Calvin Day was the head of the firm of Day, Owen & Co., one of the most widely known of the great Hartford wholesale houses.

Mr. Day was largely interested in the various industries of Hartford, manufacturing, insurance and banking, and was for nearly forty years a director in the Hartford Bank, and the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. He was also connected with the management of many of the humane and benevolent institutions of the city, and was one of the leading members of the Center Church.

He was for many years Vice-President of the Retreat for the Insane, for the last sixteen years of his life he was President of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and for forty years he was connected as Secretary and President with the Wadsworth Athenaeum, which he was influential in establishing. He was also largely instrumental in securing the construction of the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill Railroad, regarding it as an important means for the development of the city, and took a leading part in its management for many years. He was Major of the Governor's Foot Guard from 1833 to 1835. In politics he was originally a democrat, but he left the democratic party in 1854, on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and with his friends, Gideon Welles, John M. Niles and others, was active in establishing the Republican party, and the Hartford Evening Press, as the party organ in Connecticut. He was one of those who prepared the first Republican address issued in Connecticut, and during the war he was a close adviser of Governor Buckingham, and in confidential relations with him. Mr. Day was thoroughly identified with much of what was best in the growth and development of the city, and died at the age of 81 years, widely known and universally esteemed and respected.

He married December 5th, 1827, Miss Catharine Seymour, of Hartford, whose death preceded his own only by a few months.

FUNERAL OF MAJOR CALVIN DAY.

From the Hartford Daily Courant, June 13, 1884.

MAJOR KINNEY on behalf of the Governor's Foot Guard tendered a general escort for the beloved veteran commander of the company. The offer was declined with thanks, the family preferring to have no military display at the funeral. A delegation of the company and a committee of the veterans will attend the funeral exercises at Center church. Active members are requested to meet at the armory at 2:30 P.M., in dark clothes, fatigue caps, and white gloves. Veteran members of the company are requested to meet at the same place and time, with dark clothes, and soft-felt hat and white gloves.

Many of the corporations with which Mr. Day was connected will attend the funeral. Among them, the directors of the American Asylum are to attend in a body, and the teachers and pupils will also be present. The directors of the Hartford Fire and those of the Gas company will also attend.





Resolutions of Respect.

AT a special meeting of the directors of the American Asylum at Hartford for the education and instruction of Deaf and Dumb, held June 12th, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

IN attempting to place on record some tribute to the memory of Mr. Calvin Day, late president of this corporation, the directors feel that they are not merely discharging a duty, but are giving expression to a sense of personal bereavement, common to all our number, and to all the instructors and friends of the asylum.

Mr. Day became a member of this board in 1842, and has ever since borne no trifling share in its administration. For the last sixteen years he has been its president. But for over forty years he has given much time and care to the details and the general direction of the asylum ; representing its interests before the authorities of our own and other states, befriending its teachers and pupils, counseling its officers, and promoting in innumerable ways its material prosperity and its highest aims. In all associations, Mr. Day's vigor, integrity, keen intelligence and sound judgment have made themselves felt ; but, with these qualities of his character, there has been displayed in the management of the

asylum, an earnest and tender solicitude, rarely given to any object outside one's own family and personal interests.

Men of strong will and marked ability not infrequently become intolerant, but Mr. Day was never the slave of even his own opinions and prejudices. He was ready to accord to others their right of judgment, and to submit to the decision of the majority.

If disappointed he never became an obstructionist or a grumbler. He was especially kind and encouraging to young men. Frank, positive, energetic, but generous and considerate of others, his friends could confidently depend on his loyalty to them, and on his absolute sincerity, and thus co-operation with him was always a pleasure.

To the roll of honored presidents of the asylum in years long past—John Cotton Smith, Wadsworth, Terry, Williams, and Ellsworth—we now sorrowfully add the name of no unworthy companion, our honored and beloved last president, Calvin Day.

RESOLVED, That as a mark of our respect we will attend the funeral in a body, and that a copy of this record be transmitted to the family of Mr. Day.

RESOLVED, That the principal, instructors and pupils of the asylum be invited also to attend the funeral of Mr. Day.

ATWOOD COLLINS,
Clerk Board of Auditors.

HARTFORD NATIONAL BANK, }
June 11th, 1884. }

AT a meeting of the board of directors, held this day, it was voted to place on record the following minutes regarding the death of Hon. Calvin Day :

IN the home in which Calvin Day has lived so long there are needed no *pro forma* obituary resolutions of a corporation setting forth his virtues or expressing regret for his departure and sympathy for his friends, yet we cannot leave our records silent in respect to one who for nearly fifty years has been a director in

this bank. Of quick perception, sound judgment, stern, aggressive, uncompromising in his opinions, his voice gave no uncertain sound, yet he was most courteous, friendly, kind and pure. His counsels in times of prosperity were conservative—he never lost his balance ; in those of panic and depression, sustaining—he never lost his courage. We record this brief tribute of our respect for the man, and our appreciation of his long and valued services which his associates will ever hold in pleasant remembrance.

W. S. BRIDGMAN,
Cashier.

AT a meeting of the directors of the Retreat for the Insane, held on the 12th day of June, 1884, the following minute was adopted and entered upon the record :

“IN the death of the Hon. Calvin Day, which occurred on the 10th day of June, 1884, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, the city has lost one of its most distinguished and respected citizens, whose presence upon our streets, in our places of business, and in our religious, educational, charitable and patriotic assemblies, has for all these years marked him as a man to be depended upon ; as the man whose influence and voice would be always for good order, and for the advancement and promotion of the great and controlling interest of the city of his adoption, and whose great purpose was, to secure the moral and material interests and advancement of his fellows. The record of his life is impressed upon the city in which he lived ; upon the church of which he was a most exemplary and consistent member ; upon the extensive industrial and business enterprises which have distinguished the city and which, to no small extent, have been promoted and made successful through his efforts, persevering endeavors and good judgment ; upon the great religious charities of the times, to which he contributed with an open hand, upon the benevolent and educational undertakings which give character to Hartford,

and are exemplified in our schools, our asylums and our Retreat ; and in his successful efforts when a young man to secure for the city and its citizens the erection of the Atheneum building, with the libraries and art collections accommodated there. His patriotism and love for the Union led to his selection as the trusted adviser and counselor of Governor Buckingham during the dark and most trying and discouraging period of the war, and the work he did in that direction is entitled to our grateful remembrance. His integrity of character is seen in his whole life, and in the esteem in which he was held in this whole community. Though he had well-settled and decided views and opinions of his own and fearlessly gave expression to what he believed to be right and proper, he was tolerant and considerate of the views of others. His liberality and large-heartedness is seen in the expenditure of his time and money in the advancement of all good and charitable enterprises. For these many years he has been an active and efficient member of the board of managers of this Retreat. The benefit of his counsel and judgment is seen in the beauty of its grounds and surroundings, and in the comfort and home-like accommodations of its halls and rooms. In his death the Retreat has lost an earnest friend and benefactor ; an able counselor and its second officer and oldest director, and each member of this board a friend and associate whose memory we shall delight to cherish and honor."

JONATHAN B. BUNCE,
Clerk.

HARTFORD CITY GAS LIGHT COMPANY, }
HARTFORD, Conn., June 12, 1884. }

AT a special meeting of this board, called for the purpose of taking action in regard to the death of Major Calvin Day, the following minute was directed to be entered upon the records :

Major Day was a promoter of this company at its organization ; has been one of its directors ever since, and has greatly

helped to make its prosperous history. His connection with this company was typical of his character as a citizen of Hartford. Prompt to enter whatever was needed to benefit the city, he was generous of his time and energy to achieve success and never wavered in his fidelity either to his associates or to the public enterprises in which he had engaged. He illustrated in his life the value of character, and his name became emblematic of business, honor and integrity. During the years of his activity in Hartford he was associated with many men of marked individuality, but none surpassed him in the strength and vigor with which he pursued his and their generous purposes.

In testimony of our respect the board will attend Major Day's funeral, and a copy of this minute will be sent to his family.

Attest,

THOMAS EVANS,
Secretary.

AT a special meeting of the board of directors of the HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, held June 12, 1884, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS It has pleased Almighty God, in the exercise of His all-wise providence, to remove by death our esteemed associate and vice-president, Calvin Day, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of Mr. Day, the company loses an able counselor, who has, for nearly forty years, been closely identified with its welfare, and we, his associate directors, place on record our appreciation of his faithfulness to his trust, and our sorrow at his sudden decease.

RESOLVED, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this time of their bereavement.

RESOLVED, That as a mark of respect to our departed associate, we will attend his funeral in a body.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the records of the board, and a copy be transmitted to his family.

AT the regular meeting of the Board of Directors, of LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, held on the tenth day of June, 1884, the following resolution was adopted :

IT is the wish of this board of directors to give expression of their loss in the removal by death of our late fellow member, the Hon. Calvin Day.

The appreciation of his marked services to this company in its time of need, was evidenced by a special vote of this board tendered to him on the 17th of May, 1880.

And now, lamenting our loss, we bear testimony to his character as a valued adviser, a true friend, and a Christian gentleman.

The Secretary is directed to enter this resolution on the records of the board and to forward a copy of the same to the family of the deceased.

AN adjourned meeting of the trustees of WADSWORTH ATHENEUM was held Saturday afternoon, the Hon. William R. Cone, the president, in the chair. Mr. J. F. Morris, the committee appointed to draft resolutions upon the death of the Hon. Calvin Day, reported the following which were adopted and ordered on record.

WHEREAS, it has pleased God in his Providence to remove from us by death, Calvin Day, the late president of this institution, therefore

RESOLVED, That while the death of Mr. Day is one mourned by other institutions in this city with which he was connected and also by the general community, it is specially one which this institution has reason to most deeply deplore.

Mr. Day was identified with the Atheneum from its earliest existence. At the first meeting of the subscribers for erecting

this building, held in Union hall, December 7th, 1841, Hon. Thomas Day, chairman, Mr. Day was appointed secretary, and made chairman of a committee to solicit additional subscriptions. Of the building committee appointed February 23d, 1842, consisting of Alfred Smith, James B. Hosmer, Gideon Welles, David Watkinson, David F. Robinson, Erastus Smith and Calvin Day, Mr. Day was the last survivor. At the first meeting of the stockholders, June 27th, 1842, the first meeting after the incorporation of the Atheneum at the May session of the legislature that year—Mr. Day was chosen secretary and thereafter annually re-elected until the resignation of Alfred Smith, April 22d, 1862, when he was chosen to succeed Mr. Smith as president, and continued in the presidency until his death. Twenty years service as secretary and twenty-two years as president, forty-two years in all, measure Mr. Day's official connection with Wadsworth Atheneum.

For these long and valuable services, cheerfully given and faithfully performed, we feel that his memory should ever be held in grateful remembrance by this institution.

RESOLVE,D That we place on our records this testimony of our loss by the breaking up of this long association with Mr. Day, and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the president and attested by the secretary, be communicated to his family.

Attested,
J. H. TRUMRULL, Sec.

WM. R. CONE,
Pres.



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